

The Maid of the Forest

By RANDALL PARRISH
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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Hammar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade Indian, who tells him of a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Hammar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auway, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Hammar to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wap-tah-ah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Raoul D'Auway, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wap-tah-ah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island cut off. Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him for dead after a desperate fight. The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded. Rene saves Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the cellar of the cabin. They engage in a fierce fight which ends when the renegade accidentally kills his brains out against the low roof of the cellar.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

I saw him now clearly, and he must have got his first fair glimpse of me, for he stared at my face in startled surprise that, for the moment, held him dumb. It was like looking at my own reflection in a glass—the eyes, the hair, the nose, the contour of the face, the massive figure, all alike the counterpart of my own. I would not have believed, except for the witness of my own eyes, that such similarity was possible. Even though fortified with sudden impression that this was the man for whom mademoiselle had mistaken me, the actual resemblance was so startling, as to leave me voiceless. We would have passed for each other anywhere, and yet as I stared at him, meeting his eyes fairly, I perceived a difference, faint, elusive, yet noticeable enough—his skin showed marks of dissipation; there was a peculiar insolent sneer to his mouth, and he must be older than I by five years. My mind seemed to grip all this in a flash, before his voice broke the silence.

"Oddly like, man! and what's this!" he roared. "Some play acting, or a dream? Never before did I know I was born a twin. Who are you?"

The look on his face, as if he half suspected he saw a ghost, made me smile.

"My name is Hayward—Joseph Hayward." He gasped for breath, his eyes fairly protruding, as he staggered to his feet. "What! Say that again!"

I had full control of myself now, rather enjoying his consternation.

"I am Joseph Hayward," I answered with grave deliberation. "An ensign in the United States army, and a native of Maryland."

"Well, I be hanged! Say, do you know that's my name also? Is this some shabby joke?"

There was a gleam of anger in his eyes, a threat. I leaned on my rifle, and looked him in the face.

"I was better prepared for this meeting than you," I said, "for I happen to know you are. It's an odd thing, our resemblance, and the similarity of names, but I was told about you some time ago."

"By whom?"

"Mademoiselle D'Auway."

"Who? I never met—oh, her!" with a quick laugh, "you mean the Wyandot missionary?"

"I mean the daughter of Captain D'Auway." I returned with some sternness. "The man the Indians call 'Wap-tah-ah.' She mistook me for you."

"And was not very nice about it I imagine—the little vixen will scarce give me a word."

"Possibly by reason."

"She told you so? She might be in better business than advertising my delinquencies among enemies. The girl has just enough white blood in her to make her act the fool."

"We may differ about that. Anyway I advise you to hold your tongue. What I am interested in learning now is—who killed her father?"

He started back, bracing himself against the wall.

"Her father! D'Auway? Is he dead then?"

He was not acting; the surprise was real; the expression of his eyes convinced me.

"You had no connection with the murder?"

"If Good Lord, no! I know nothing, man—not even how I came to be here. I woke up just now, lying in this corner with my face to the wall, every bone in my body aching. When I finally managed to roll over, I got glimpse

of you there at the entrance, and sang out. I don't even feel certain who I am, let alone what I may have been up to."

"But surely you recall something," I insisted.

"Well," puzzled, "not much. See here, I'm willing enough to tell you all I know. Let's sit down; my head spins around like a top."

CHAPTER XVI.

I Hold a Prisoner.

He dropped back against the wall, but much of my old strength had returned, and I remained standing, leaning on my rifle. The man continued to stare up at me as if half doubting his own eyesight.

"Well," I said at last, growing tired of his silence. "You have my story—or, at least, a good part of it—and now it would seem the proper time for me to hear yours. Once we understand each other we will know better how to proceed."

He pressed his hands against his head in an endeavor to think.

"I was in there, unconscious and alone."

"No, not alone; there was a yellow-faced negro with you—a French mongrel, if I know the breed. He's there yet—dead; and I want to know the story."

"Oh, ay! I begin to get the straight of this at last," and his face brightened. "Not that it is altogether clear, but you furnish a clue; perhaps if we put the ends together we may make a tale. A French negro, hey! 'T would likely be the Kaskaskia half-breed, a treacherous whippersnapper. But how ever did he come to be here? Ay! I have it! The fellow must have trailed me from the council at Sandusky, suspecting I sought D'Auway; there was hate between them."

"Then 't is likely he killed the man."

"No doubt of it, if he really be killed. Listen to what I know; in truth it is not much other than rumor: D'Auway had the fellow lashed by Wyandot squaws for some dirty trick, and Piccad—that's his name—swore vengeance. Saint Denis! That was a year ago, and Piccad has ever since been in his own country. 'T was the coming of war that brought him back. I thought I saw him at Sandusky as we held council there, but his presence was nothing to me."

"He had no quarrel with you, then?"

"No; I saw him whipped; he was like a snarling cur. Listen, and I'll tell all I know. I am not proud of my job, understand, but out here in the wilderness, we work under a double set of orders—one open and above board, the other secret. 'T is our work for a soldier, but there's no help for it, except to resign, and then someone else would turn the trick. You know the game we play—our countries at peace, this land formally surrendered to us Americans, and yet there comes to us—to Hamilton—private instructions to retard settlement, and retain our military posts. Lord knows what the ministry means, what they hope to gain by delay; we are only

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failed, Hamilton went himself, but with no better success. You know the reason?"

I shook my head, afraid to interrupt for fear he might remember how convicting such a confession was, and refuse to continue. But apparently the man failed to conceive the depravity of his acts.

"The influence of D'Auway—ay! and that daughter of his. Saint Denis, but I believe she was the worst of the two. I actually made love to the witch hoping thus to win her over to our side, 't was then he crawled into the tunnel, and replaced the door. Ah, I have it—he did that later when he recognized the voice of mademoiselle."

"Of who? Mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle D'Auway; she joined me as I stood there. Her presence would account for his fear."

He leaned forward, as if endeavoring to decipher my face.

"Are you telling me truth?" he asked hoarsely. "Is that girl here? What could have brought her to this place? What does she suspect? What does she know?"

"That I cannot tell, except that she believes you killed her father; the discovery of your coat convinced her of that. As to how she came here—she traveled with Girty from Fort Hammar, seeking to reach the Wyandots in advance of me. She came to the cabin alone, hoping to find her father, but instead found us in possession, and D'Auway's dead body. It was she who thrust me into the tunnel, and saved my life."

"And now, man, where is she?"

"With those Indians who attacked us, and burned the cabin—she may be a prisoner."

He laughed uneasily, shifting his position.

"No fear of that. She is a wonder worker with these savages; they are afraid of her; they think her—ross will work miracles. Saint Denis! I would rather have her with me than all the chiefs."

"Could she save a man from the torture, the stake?"

"She has done it; ay! I saw it done, and it took some courage. But she might fall with these renegades. Who is the man?"

"Brady, the scout who accompanied me."

"I know of the fellow; she would have small chance of saving him. He paused, then asked suddenly: 'What about me? Am I a prisoner, or free to go? Do you absolve me of murder?'"

"Of killing D'Auway—yes. But your hands are bloody enough without that crime."

"Then I may go my way?"

"To more treachery? To those Indians to report my presence here?"

"No, I swear."

"I accept no pledge from you. You say 't is already war on the border; then I will act accordingly. We will wait here until she comes."

"She! Not Mademoiselle D'Auway."

"Yes," I answered tersely. "Mademoiselle D'Auway."

CHAPTER XVII.

An Effort to Save Brady.

The night had closed down without, but the remnants of fire still eating away the dry logs of the cabin, yielded a red tinge to the interior of the cellar. It was a spectral, eerie light, brightening as some breeze fanned the flames, and then as suddenly lapsing into dimness. Yet sufficient glow found way down the entrance to enable me to see my prisoner, and observe his movements.

A descending figure blotted out the red glare of the entrance. We both stared unable to decide who the visitor might be; I could perceive merely a dim, indistinct outline. The smudge of a figure descended quietly, yet with evident confidence that the dark cellar was deserted. I attempted to step back, so as not to be between the two, but something rattled under my foot, sounding loud in the silence. The intruder stopped instantly, drawing a quick breath of surprise.

"Who is here? Answer!" There was the sharp click of a gun lock; the words were French, the voice unmistakable.

"Hayward, mademoiselle."

She laughed in sudden relief.

"Peate! You startled me! How came you out here, monsieur?"

"The smoke of the burning cabin drove me out; else I should have suffocated. I burst open the door."

"Burst it open!" incredulously. "Then it was not barred? Some one had entered from this end?"

"So I discovered, mademoiselle; one of them is here with me—an old acquaintance of yours."

"Of mine?"

"Ay! Step out into the cave so the light can find entrance; now, do you know the man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bit of First Aid.

In cases of shock and collapse it may be advisable in certain cases where collapse is imminent to administer a little stimulant in the shape of brandy and water, but it has to be noted that the use of alcohol under such circumstances must be carefully carried out, inasmuch as in certain cases (as in apoplexy, for example) the administration of alcohol is calculated to prove highly injurious.

Success to the father-and-son dinners, private and public!—Chicago Record-Herald.

King Ludwig's Visit.

King Ludwig of Bavaria intends to travel to New York in June next to the new Hamburg-American liner Vaterland during the liner's maiden trip to America. The king will also return to Europe in the Vaterland which was personally named by him. The Vaterland is a sister ship of the Imperator.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JULY 12

GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 10:35-45. GOLDEN TEXT—"The Son of man also came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Mark 10:45.

This is a time in the life of our Lord that vibrates with interest as we rapidly approach his last tragic week upon earth. At the beginning of his Perean ministry (Luke 9:51) we read that Jesus "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Now that journey is nearly ended. He had reached a place near Jericho. Knowing the antipathy of the rulers, those who journeyed with Jesus were "amazed," and some as they followed him on this journey were "afraid" (v. 32). Jesus, therefore, and for a third time, plainly tells his disciples what is about to take place in Jerusalem.

The contrast of self is the distinguishing feature of the lesson of the self-seeking disciples over against the self-renouncing Master.

Assurance of Faith.

I. The Self-seeking Disciple, vv. 32-45. As Jesus clearly spoke to those who in amazement followed him he told of his condemnation and deliverance to the Gentiles; his persecution, death and resurrection (vv. 32-34). It was then that James and John presented their request. Matthew tells us (20:20) that they made it through their mother. It was an ignorant request, for they knew not what it involved (v. 38), nor whose it was to grant it (v. 40). He had spoken with great clearness about his suffering and death and immediately they ask a position in his glory. This may indicate the assurance of their faith in him, but it certainly intimates that they did not comprehend the suffering of which he had been speaking. We need to remember, however, that they believed in that approaching hour of his glory. They desired, though, to have an association with him in his power and authority, thus showing their mixture of selfishness, though Jesus seems to have ignored it. Was this request dictated by the mother? Evidently not to a degree, for the Master addresses his reply to the disciples. In that reply he does say that to occupy such a position was denied them, or might be quite possible. What he does lay stress upon was what was involved and that this was not the time or place to lay emphasis in this new kingdom, upon any other idea than that of equality. Jesus had seemingly advanced these two disciples, Mark 5:37; 9:2 and 14:33. They may have hoped that the kinship of their families would be to their advantage. At first their question was a general one (v. 35), then it is more specific (v. 37).

Jesus then clearly declared all that was involved in his pathway of suffering and propounds his question, "Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink?" (v. 38). It was a heroic but ignorant answer they made, "We are able." Their language reveals the character, however, of those who did enter into that fellowship with him which eventually led them to martyrdom. He told them they should be baptized into a strength to do and live this life of abandonment, but that such a life could not command any pre-eminence on that account. Their request was otherwise a correct one. In order to share with Christ in his glory we must share his cup and his baptism of shame and suffering; see 14:36; Matt. 26:39; John 18:11; II Tim. 2:12; Rom. 8:17; Matt. 16:24. James and John (v. 39) did not stop to measure the meaning of their request. Ever so we today often hear the people make glib professions of fealty which likewise fall under the acid test of adversity. Matt. 26:56. James was the first, Acts 12:3, and John the last, Rev. 1:9, of the apostles to suffer for the sake of the Word of God.

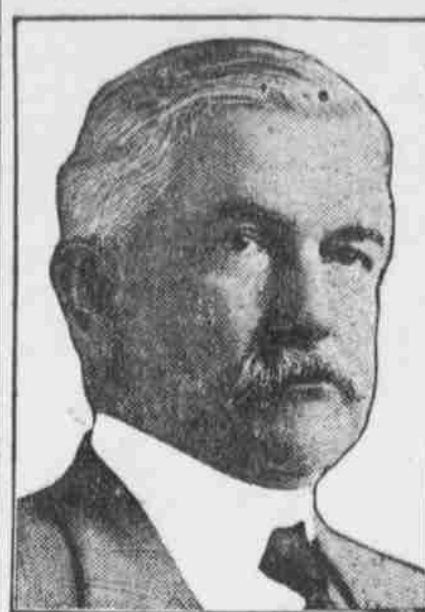
Wanted Places of Authority.

II. The Self-renouncing Master, vv. 41-45. In answer to the indignation (v. 41) of the other ten disciples Jesus without any manifest impatience calls the disciples "unto him" and sets before them their absolute equality, and yet at the same time a way of exaltation, v. 43. Jesus is ever calling us "unto him," for he desires to lead us out of lives of selfishness into those of fullness and service. These ten were not altogether without selfishness; they wanted the places of authority also. Once before, chapter 9:33-36, this same controversy had arisen and was again manifested (Luke 22:24) and that, too, at a solemn occasion, as he announced his approaching death and instituted the supper. It was not till after Pentecost that it became possible for a disciple to write "in honor prefer one another." Rom. 12:3. This reply of Jesus to the indignation of the ten is a teaching by contrast and accurately describes the Gentile method of self-advancement. Over against it he sets forth the method of the "Son of Man." Till this present day such are the methods of those who are of this world only.

In his kingdom it is different, greatness is inverse ratio until we find the greatest is the one who serves most perfectly. In emphasizing this verse (v. 45) it is quite common to omit the last clause, "and to give his life a ransom for many." So to omit it is to neglect his work of redemption and overly emphasizes the altruistic aspect of Christianity. Men are not saved by any such method. Jesus is the greatest example of a perfect servant because he did give his life. Let us also remember that he gave that life and that he man took it from him, John 10:18.

In the PUBLIC LEDGER

GIVES CREDIT TO GORGAS



"America will get all the credit perhaps for completing the Panama canal, but in giving praise where it is due, the work of the French engineers and those engaged in the early digging of the canal ought not to be overlooked," remarked Henri Borgia of Paris, an engineer, recently. "The French overlooked the most important requisites in the Panama canal zone—that of proper sanitation. Had our engineers been supported in their work by a Colonel Gorgas, the American nation might not have had the opportunity to buy the canal."

"I think it only justice that some tribute be paid the French for their share in this great project. It is true they failed, but not through lack of funds, as is proved by the beautiful palace, the magnificent gardens, and the record of sumptuous living of the officials. Neither was failure due to the unwillingness of